

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager

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Harmonious Principles.

The New York Sun has laid down the following planks for Democracy, which it denominates "Harmonious Principles":

I. Let the tariff be for revenue. It will then be protective also.

II. Let the revenue tariff be the only source of revenue.

III. Let all internal taxes be abolished at once, except only the tax on spirits.

IV. Let the tax on spirits be retained only to meet the necessity of means to pay arrearsages of pensions.

When these arrearsages are provided for the spirit tax be likewise abolished.

Miss Lillie Wall, of Irwin county, Ga., was dangerously ill for several days, and the doctors quietly informed her father, Mr. Jasper Wall, that his daughter could not possibly live. Going to the bedside and viewing her sadly, the father said: "My darling child, you are obliged to die, but I only hope that I may die first." Shortly after he went into convulsions and was soon dead, followed three hours later by his daughter.

When sinners have supposed themselves to be dying and professed to be converted, but afterwards have unexpectedly recovered, in most cases they have lived as they died before. This is the general opinion of pastors who have seen these supposed deathbed conversions, as reported by the *Christian Advocate*.

A rural type, in setting up a farm item made it read "the temperature of the soul depends upon its humidity," and when the editor came in with his wet boots on and lifted the wretch out into the soil of the adjoining pig pen he had time to reflect upon the difference between soul and soil.

An observing man has noticed that shoemakers are careless about the shoes they wear, hatters about their hats, and tailors about their clothing. This probably explains why some ministers are personally careless about their religion.

James G. Parkinson, a deaf and dumb lawyer of the Cincinnati bar, has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, being the first mute ever enrolled at that bar.

At a stenographic exhibition in Paris 24 different systems of shorthand are on view. Among other curiosities there is a postcard containing 44,000 words.

In Paris the number of illegitimate children born is 50 per cent. of the whole number, and in Vienna 57 per cent.

J. H. Green, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gave me speedy relief from a long continued attack of dyspepsia."

SCIENCE IS PROGRESS.

To science, again, we owe the idea of progress. The ancients, said Bagshot, "had no conception of progress; they did not so much as reject the idea; they did not even entertain it." It is not, I think, now going too far to say that the true test of civilization of a nation must be measured by its progress in science.

It is often said, however, that, great and unexpected as the recent discoveries have been, there are certain ultimate problems which must ever remain unsolved. For my part, I would prefer to abstain from laying down any such limitations. When Park asked the Arabs what became of the sun at night, and whether the sun was always the same or new each day, they replied that such a question was childish and beyond the reach of human investigation. Even as late as 1842 so high an authority as Comte treated as obviously impossible and hopeless any attempt to determine the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies. Doubtless there are questions the solution of which we do not as yet see our way even to attempt; nevertheless the experience of the past warns us not to limit the possibilities of the future.—Sir John Lubbock before the British Association.

BRET HARTE.

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1837. At 17 he went to California, where he taught school, became a miner and then a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka, Nev. Returning to San Francisco, he was a compositor, and afterward editor of the *Golden Era*. He held positions successively in the Surveyor General's office, the United States Marshal's office and the Branch Mint, and was concerned in the management of the *California*. He became widely known by his poems and characteristic pictures of California life in the *Overland Monthly*, founded and edited by him in July, 1868. Since then he has published several volumes of stories, sketches and poetry. Harte now lives in England.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

H. A. Lyons, Louisville, Ky., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and indigestion; it is the best remedy I ever tried."

PLEASANTRIES.

Smoking disaster—An earthquake. Ghosts must come from gnomes' man's hand.

Smelling salts—Sailors trying to discover a place where whisky is sold.

The Arabic for cat is "git." That ought to be the English of it, too—Git too?

PERSONAL—John, come back; all is forgiven! Pa kicked the wrong man. He did not know it was you. Stella.

SOME one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.

THE reason that a baggage man recently hauled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

"WHAT makes you look so deathly sick, Tommy?" "Well, the fact is, I'm sick, and I am only an amateur."

A DEBIL newspaper contained the following: "I herewith warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanagan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

"No," said the cashier, "I didn't need the money. I wasn't speculating. I had no necessity for stealing it. But, hang it! I didn't want to be called eccentric."

NOR too funny: "Two was schooled enough, but two was too plenty," remarked Hans, when his best girl asked him to take her mother along with them to a dance.

NIAGARA FALLS is so brilliantly illuminated by the electric light every evening that, after paying the hackman, you can easily see whether there is anything left in your pocket.

It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark, "My friends, I wish to say a few words on this occasion—ur," etc.; but then we must remember that to us is human.

AN Eastern man started a gorgeous "billiard parlor" out West, but neglecting a liberal supply of spittoons it was said his establishment did not come up to the public expectation.

THE New Haven Register gives the following excellent directions as to how to tell a good onion: "Hire your best girl to eat it raw, and then call upon her. If the onion is good your stay will be short."

It is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America; but, then, the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.

A FRENCH writer remarks, "if a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I, take your hat.'"

A SOUTH AMERICAN plant has been found that cures bashfulness. It should be promptly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window because he is too diffident to say good-by to the cashier and clerk.

STRANGE PETS.

Everything living, however small and insignificant it appears, is susceptible to kindness. In a Massachusetts town there is a young woman who has made quite a number of the piscatorial inhabitants of a pond her most intimate friends. She makes daily visits to the pond, carrying a generous supply of food. Any one of the fish, turtles, frogs, etc., will eat out of the lady's hand, and allow themselves to be handled without betraying the least fear. The most familiar of this colony is a large eel, over three feet long, which will permit himself to be taken from the water and toyed with at pleasure, the only consideration being that his head alone shall remain in the water. Among her other acquaintances are two snapping-turtles, who seem to relish the terms of familiarity.

FISH IN THE OLD TIME.

In London in the old time the market price of fish was prearranged by authority. Edward III., for instance, issued very stringent regulations for keeping down prices; while the profits of all fishmongers were to be no more than a penny in the shilling. The following were the market prices: Mackerel, one penny, and turbot sixpence each; soles, twelve for threepence; pickled herrings, one penny per score; oysters, twopence per gallon, and eels four pence per 100. No fish were allowed to be sold that had been more than one day out of the water.

It is worthy of notice that very few men distinguish themselves as editors, who do not first of all serve a patient apprenticeship either as subordinate writers or as the conductors of unimportant publications. Experience shows that there is a good deal more to be mastered than the art of writing well. It is in this sense that journalism is called a profession.

NEVADA has about 1,000,000 acres of salt land, and could supply the whole earth if necessary. Beside this she has about 1,000,000 acres of soda and brimstone deposits, sufficient to run hoes for the next 100,000 years.

KATE FIELD is among the first women to advocate cremation.

BROTHER GARDNER ON HONESTY.

If I should find a perfectly honest man—honest in his expressions, honest in his dealings, sincere in his statements—I shouldn't like him. He would be a lonesome object in this age. He would seek in vain for companionship. While I believe that honesty is the best policy, I don't look to see it practiced beyond a certain limit. When I trade mules with a man I kinder like to doubt his word. I want to feel that he am keepin' still 'bout de ring-bones an' spavins, an' dat de beast he says am jist turnin' fo' teen y'ars will nebber see his 21st birthday no moar. It am monotonous to deal wid a man who am perfectly honest. If I lend a man money I want him to be honest 'nuff to return it, but if he kin trade me a watch worth \$3 for a gun worth seben I shall think none de less of him. If men were so sincere dat we felt obliged to believe whatever dey asserted we should hev no use fur theories an' arguments. When I gib my note I expect to pay it. When I ax a man how he would like to trade his wheelbarrow fur my dog I'm not gwine to inform him dat Cesar am all bark an' no bite, an' he am not gwine to tell me dat he borrowed dat wheelbarrow in de night an' forgot to return it. If a grocer leaves me in charge of his sto' I ax gwine to sot fur half an hour beside a box of herrings an' keep my hands in my pockets all de time. Yet, if dat same man sells me a pound of tea he expects me to try an' pass off on him a half-dollar wid a hole in it.

Continer, my frens, to believe dat honesty am de bes' policy, but doan expect too much of so-called honest men. You kin trust men wid your wallet who would burrow a pitch-fork an' nebber return it. You kin lend your horse to a man who would cheat you blind in tradin' overcoats. You kin send home a pa' o' dead ducks at noon-day by a man who would steal your live chickens at midnight. When I lend my nuybur Mocha coffee I like to wonder if he won't pay it back in Rio. When de ole woman buys kaliker on a guarantee she rather hopes it will fade in de washin'. I solemnly believe dat de world am honest nuff jist as it am. When you gin your word stick to it if it busts de bank. When you do a job of work do it well. When you make a debt pay it. Any man who am mo' honest dan dat will want you to cut a penny in two to make out his shilling; he will ring you up at midnight to return your monse-trap; he will take one shingle from your bunch an' offer you de one-hundredth part of what de bunch cost; he will borrow your boot-jack an' insist dat you borrow his washboard to offset it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

DOLLY.

Rag, wood and india-rubber, china, composition and wax—we can imagine the immense doll population gathering about us, impatient for attention, and all leaning up against each other, for it is a peculiarity of doll physique that, as regards standing up independently in the world, a doll is unmatched for helplessness by anything under the sun—except a soda-water bottle. The weak point of the primitive rag baby was the human face divine in colored china, until at last it has been painted on white calico. The wooden genera of the family had an objectionable stare, and were too liable to be scalped. The china cousins suffered from fragile noses (and heads) and an unnatural shining skin. India-rubber got over the danger of breakage, but the immortals have, like old Tithonus, the gift of life with the gift of youth forgotten, and the period of doll existence being over, their washed-out Kaffir complexion is frightful to see. Composition with a thin skin of wax is most popular in nursery society, but the elite of dolls will ever be the waxen fair ones endowed with human hair. All dolls' hair has at least one human property—that of falling off. But, fortunately, that of falling off is a gradual sorrow; not, like poor dolly's, an shock of consternation. This is a most trying misfortune to a doll-loving child. A creature with only one eye, one leg and one arm may still be cherished, but a scalped doll is a monstrosity. Yet even greater defects than this can be cured; indeed, medical science pales beside the wonders done in a London "Doll's Hospital." "What a beautiful doll!" we once remarked to a communicative-looking little stranger. "Yes," said the communicative little one proudly; "and this is her second head!"—*Chambers' Journal*.

AMONG the Athenians the perforation of the ears was a mark of nobility; with the Hebrews and Romans it indicated servitude.

FORTY-NINE out of every fifty beggars are rank swindlers and base impostors, and yet the average beggar collects about 70 cents per day.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and get a sample box free of charge.

Miss Ellen Maco, of Brooklyn, Ill., says her physicians gave her up as a hopeless consumptive, but four bottles of Brown's Expectant cured her. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

George W. Ribelin, of Blue Mound, Ill., writes that Brown's Expectant cured him of a severe cold after everything else had failed. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER. Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the right, sometimes the left, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undigested food which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning; sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attended with other cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For whatever the ailment may be a thoroughly safe purgative, alternative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE. And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injuries after effects.

A Governor's Testimony. Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GRAY, Governor of Alabama. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only thing that never fails to relieve" I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons' Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

F. M. JAMES, Minneapolis, Minn. Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

"Take only the Genuine, which always bears the wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark" of J. H. ZEIGLER & CO.

BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PROFESSIONAL.

SAM M. BURDETT, J. W. BROWN, BURDETT & BROWN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. 134-137 MT. VERNON, KY.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON, T. W. & E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. STANFORD, KY. Office in Owsley & Son's new building—up stairs.

M. MEYTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. STANFORD, KY. Will practice in the Courts of Lincoln and adjoining counties and the Superior Court and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office on Lancaster street.

ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. DANVILLE, KY. Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

J. R. FISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. MT. VERNON, KY. Will practice in the Kentucky Courts. Collections a specialty. Office in Court-house. [126]

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST. STANFORD, KY. Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

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A sample copy of Weekly Courier-Journal is sent free of charge for examination on application. Liberal cash commission allowed canvassers, and outfit sent them free of charge.

W. N. WALDEN, President Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky.

Democratic and for a Tariff for Revenue only.

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St. Asaph Block, STANFORD, - - - KY.,

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EDWARD WILDER'S

Never fails to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Colic and Flux. It will Cure Constipation. It is a safe Anti-Bilious

Alternative and Tonic, a mild and Delightful Invariant for Delicate Women, a powerful recuperant after the frame has been debilitated and reduced by sickness, an excellent appetizer, gives tone to the digestive organs, prevents Malaria, braces up the system, strengthens the portal circulation and clears the whole animal economy from the seeds of disease. The slightest attack of fever may be a prelude to the worst, and the remedy that would conquer it whilst it is yet in its commencement, may be of no value when it is at its full development. Paradoxical in this case with persons around whom the pestiferous influence of Malaria clings in the form of Dumb Chills, Brown Ague, Painful Spleen, and Weak Stomach.

For the Cure of all the above Diseases this preparation stands unrivaled, and its good and permanent effects are attested by thousands, and it is recommended alike by the ablest medical men and the ministry.

TRY IT, all you that are afflicted, and be convinced of its wonderful power and beneficial effects.

STOMACH BITTERS

For Sale in Stanford by Penny & McAllister.

The editor of this paper is again sick and confined to his bed, and as we, (the business manager,) were not prepared for the emergency, will have to ask our readers to excuse the very poor paper which we have to lay before them this morning.

ADDITIONAL particulars of the Thompson-Davis tragedy confirm us in our first opinion, that it was a fearful crime, committed by a man who chose to believe a disreputable woman to the wife of his bosom and who thought to get clear of his cruel deed by invoking the feeling against seduction. Judging by the action of the county officials in not holding an inquest, and Judge Hardin's impeachable action in the matter, we were sure that the grand jury would play its part too, but all honor to it; it has found an indictment and Davis' brothers and relatives should prosecute it to the bitter end.

It went always do to take the advice of a lawyer, as a California man has found to his sorrow. He was told by one that a certain newspaper article about him was grossly libelous and that if he allowed him to bring a suit heavy damages could be obtained. On the trial the newspaper showed the man up in such a bad light that the jury refused to give him anything. His expenses were \$500 and he has now brought suit against the lawyer for that amount alleging that his advice got him into the trouble.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Jno. M. Glass, republican, has been elected mayor of Jeffersonville, Ind.

—Gov. J. S. Boynton, of Georgia, was married to Miss Sadie T. Harris this week.

—The importation of American pork into Greece has been forbidden by the government.

—Mrs. Lizzie Pearce, daughter of W. N. Haldeman, of the *Courier-Journal*, died Wednesday.

—Jack Brawley has been arrested at Charlotte, N. C., for attempting to rape a five-year-old child.

—Kate Kane, the obstreperous Milwaukee female lawyer, has been remanded back to jail without bail.

—The Governor of Alabama has signed contracts hiring out 400 of the State convicts to work in the mines.

—The Superior Court of Kentucky decides that a woman can sue for money lost by her husband at gambling.

—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival is a grand success. Four thousand persons attended the first performance.

—The President has appointed Wm. T. Wood District Judge in place of W. Q. Gresham, appointed P. M. General.

—The jury in the Redman case for murder of Secrist, at Paris, disagreed, and he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

—Agnes Robertson Boucicault's suit for divorce from Dion Boucicault has been discontinued in the New York Supreme Court.

—The ground upon which Cincinnati now stands is said to have been purchased by J. C. Symmes about ninety years ago at 67 cents per acre.

—An explosion in the Keystone Colliery mines near Ashland, Pa., killed a half-dozen or more miners and seriously injured a number of others.

—Russian authorities believe the Nihilists are preparing for simultaneous disturbances in various parts of the Empire during the coronation.

—A dispatch from Helena, Montana, of May 2, says: A heavy fall of snow is interfering with the progress of building the Northern Pacific Railroad.

—The public debt was decreased only about \$3,500,000 during April, owing to the fact that \$10,000,000 were paid out during the month on account of pensions.

—Gen. Strother, Consul General to Mexico, reports a general impetus in mining and other public enterprises in that country, the result of the rapidly-growing railway system.

—Geo. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Marion county, while getting over a fence with gun in hand, accidentally discharged it and the ball passed through his body killing him.

—The number of graduates from West Point this year will not equal the vacancies in the roll of Second Lieutenants in the army and the deficiency will be supplied by appointments from civil life.

—Judge Simrall has decided that the Willard Hotel Lottery fund shall be divided among the ticket holders who filed their tickets prior to May 1, after the sum of about \$5,000 has been paid for costs.

—Gen. Raum, during the seven years he was at the head of the Internal Revenue Bureau, collected \$850,000,000 in taxes for the Government without the loss of a dollar.

—The contract for building the dormitory of Central University has been let to Mr. M. E. Jett for \$15,300. The building will be three stories high and in accordance with the present structure.—[Richmond Herald.]

—Judge Barr, of the United States Circuit Court of Louisville, has decided that the Western Union Telegraph Company may take their ticker from the "bucket shops" of Bryant & Co. and Hodges & Co., of that city.

—Frank Godfrey and D.T. Johnston, living near Harrodsburg, had an altercation Wednesday over a passway which Godfrey

claimed from Johnston's land. Godfrey drew a knife and gave Johnston three fearful gashes. The wounds are supposed to be mortal.

—Commissioner Bowman has received for free distribution 250,000 silk-worm eggs, the first instalment of 1,000,000, from Hon. P. W. McKittick, President of the American Silk Growers Association at Memphis. Requests for large quantities have already been made from many portions of the State—from ladies mostly, to whom the industry is particularly adapted.

—The government tax on tobacco under the new schedule was changed Tuesday from 16 to 8 cents per pound. Tobacco has been held back for some time to get the benefit of this reduction. The revenue stamps were sold in large quantities at all the Internal Revenue offices on that day and enormous quantities of tobacco were moved.

—The Internal Revenue collections for this district for April were \$210,851, a considerable increase over the corresponding month last year. The tax on whisky shipped from the district for export the last three months, amounts to \$100,000, the bulk of the export being to Bermuda, as the effect of the non-passage of the extension bill. About 4,000,000 gallons are in bond in the district yet. Production about one-third of last year.—[Lexington Press.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD."

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,

DALSTON, LONDON, E. C. April 18, '83.

Dear Interior:

I thought best to call a brief halt in correspondence, until there should be something worth writing about; for, be it remembered, I am not a mere looker on in London, but an Ambassador—on a Mission. When I can report something of the "King's business," I can well afford, also, to turn aside, and write of collateral events; but have not the heart to put them by themselves. When current topics and sketches of travel cease to be collateral, I shall not be an Evangelist, but a reporter. May the good LORD keep me in my higher vocation.

It is with unfeigned joy, therefore, that I can report the resumption of regular work, begun exactly with the beginning of the 7th week of our sojourn in the Metropolis of Israel. By no self-planning, but lovingly arranged thus by Him, who does not forget His name of "Wonderful Numberer," as we read in Daniel. If He numbers the hairs on His children's heads, surely He does the same with their days of service. I accept this inaugurating period of regular services, therefore, as a most happy omen, or rather token of Fatherly love, and go on all the stronger and better for it. Another link, in the circumstantial train that demonstrates, in the aggregate, to experience, what has before been accepted by faith. The order, note well, must ever be this: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know." Happy experience never demonstrates what has not before been taken on trust.

Well, the good LORD set us at our dear old work of systematic soul-saving, last night, in Hoxton Hall, which is well-known in London, as Headquarters of the "Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance Movement." This is not to be confounded with the "Salvation Army" of modern wondrous fame. This latter is the vigorous outgrowth of the former, and already has gone far ahead of its parent in power and usefulness. As Mr. Booth is the acknowledged Centre and Head of the Salvation Army, so Mr. Wm. Noble is the founder of the Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance Movement.

In America, one can hardly fully realize how intensely everything runs into organization, in England. It is part of the character of the people, shaped thus for many centuries. It has its advantages I am sure, though liable to abuse, and the ludicrous side of the subject has well been set forth by humorists; notably, by Dickens in the "Brick Lane Branch, of the Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association." Whatever is up—little or great—there must be a Chairman and Secretary and By-Laws and I know not what. If a Peer of the Realm can be obtained as a figurehead to almost any movement, it will move. Failing this an M. P. (Member of Parliament) is solicited. Should one not be available the next highest dignity at hand, is besieged, and Bishop of that Dean of that Canon of the other, Admiral or Esquire will lend their dignity for the time, to start the thing. Everybody must be introduced and vouched for and endorsed, or there is little chance of his getting a hearing.

Fancy my prospects then, humbly speaking, dropping down, as I did, on London, like a snowflake or a raindrop on the bosom, not of a river, as at New York, but of the Ocean. In these six weeks of patient waiting how the devil has tried to drive me wild by the suggestion of the insurmountable difficulties in the way, and the impossibility of getting a hearing in this Capital of the World. I am happy to say, he failed, not one of his infernal "fiery darts" being allowed to strike home, so that he has not succeeded in robbing me of a single meal, nor a night's rest from first to last. "Praise the LORD."

In bringing up everything fairly and squarely in this voracious narrative, as I have taken the public into confidence and propose no concealments, but simply to jot down things as they occur, to show how the LORD works and how the devil works; I may just say here, that before leaving America, I asked no letters of introduction from any one; not, however, refusing any that might come to me unsolicited. Of such, I had four, viz: one to Mr. Spurgeon, one to Mr. Noble, one to the Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A. and one to Mr. Andrew Jukes. The last, I have yet in possession, waiting a fitting opportunity to present in person. The others I put in the mail soon after reaching London, resolving to leave this whole matter of introductions and human endorsements entirely in the LORD'S hands, and not even seem to lean on them or desire them, by going in person to the various parties.

Mr. Spurgeon's response was prompt and to the point. He assured me that it would hardly be worth while to call on him, as

he had more Evangelists now than he was able to put to work. I acted on this very plain hint, and did not call. The good man evidently mistook me for an itinerant Evangelist in search of a job, if not a gospel tramp soliciting cold victuals. I suppose he is bored to death with such applications. At any rate, nothing came of that introduction, not even a personal acquaintance, which was the only thing I desired or expected.

The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. asked me to call, which I did, at the rooms at Exeter Hall. He was kind and civil; introduced me to another Sec'y, who was also civil, and that was all that came of that introduction. The fact being, as I suspect, that, as a life griddles the earth while truth is getting out of bed and putting on her sandals, the "evil report" of the Mountain Evangelist has outstripped the good, and these good men were shy in taking me by the hand or endorsing me. So were the brethren at Jerusalem shy of Paul at first and not his blessed ministry nor his longing desire to "join himself unto him." I find that the brethren are not ignorant of the LORD'S work through me, but they have evidently heard something more. The devil will always take care of that; so I shall have to patiently live it all down and preach it all down, as I have been able to do many a time and shall by the LORD'S grace do many a time again. I do not complain—only put on record.

Wm. Noble—well named—acted a different part. He was exhausted and ill after a recent trip, but lost no time in asking me to come to his house, and from that moment, overwhelmed as he is with work, planned the meeting which began last night. He had visited America, and was only too glad to return, he said, part of the attention and kindness shown him by Americans. The very next day after our first interview, he was off for another provincial tour, which kept him a week or ten days out of London, but as soon as he returned never rested until the meeting was arranged for.

I had a first hearing at Hoxton Hall last Sunday week, which was really the first British audience of any size I had faced. The hall holds about 1,000 or 1,200 and was full on that occasion. The LORD gave power to the word and 44 souls confessed the Savior. That service gave a Unanimous Committee, which was what Bro. Noble wanted, and from that time, nothing interfered with the opening of the revival services, but previous engagements of the Hall that had to be respected. Last Sunday, Marie and I went to Highgate to hold services in "Drill Hall," which led to making an appointment to preach a series of sermons there as soon as Hoxton Hall is finished. So we are fairly "in for it" again, thank the dear LORD; and no one knows fully how thankful we are.

At Highgate we were guests in the first elegant English home we have yet seen; and made the acquaintance of a charming family, father, mother, son and daughters, who all are consecrated fully to the LORD'S work, and the chief promoters of the "Drill Hall" Mission, of which, more anon, if the LORD will. The son and one of the daughters had been to America, and it was through a letter written to them by my dear friend Judge Lowe, of Dayton, O., that I received an invitation to preach at "Drill Hall." How wonderfully the LORD brings things around. We hope to know a great deal of this Mr. Green and his charming family in the days to come. Marie and the young ladies were mutually attracted. I may mention here, lest I should let it slip entirely, that, as we walked up the lofty hill on which Highgate is built, we saw a rough stone about two feet or more in height and breadth, around which was a railing, and over it an ornamental lamp. This, as duly set forth in an inscription, is the veritable stone on which Whittington (afterwards Sir Richard Whittington) sat and munched his crust, cat in arms, when he was about to leave London in hungering despair, and fancied he heard the Bow Bells ringing him back in these words: "Turn again Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London." And he did turn back from this very stone at this very spot, and did make good the chimes of Bow Bells. All of which not only happened to Whittington in sixteen hundred and something, but has happened to many thousands before and since his time. It is the old story of divine and human energy that dreams dreams as Joseph did, or sees a spider spinning his web as the Bruce did, or hear bells as Whittington did, but in either case rise to bring it all to pass with a purpose that knows no shadow of wavering. Whittington and his cat stand in a niche by themselves in every Londoner's heart, and his legendary history has been an inspiration to many a discouraged heart since then.

Last night we had a very fine gathering in Hoxton Hall for Tuesday night. Nine confessions rewarded us 100 fold, and we dropped into harness again as naturally as if we had not been "at grass" for six weeks. Praise the LORD and pray for us still dear friends. Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.

PULASKI COUNTY.

Somerset.

—Mr. McCarty, of Harrodsburg, is visiting his mother and brothers here.

—Mr. Hansford's friends have persuaded him not to offer his resignation as Marshal, and he continues to act in that capacity.

—An election of officers of the Beaver Creek Mines was held last week, and Mr. A. W. Bagher, of Cincinnati, was elected President. There will be no change in the superintendents.

—Elder John I. Rogers, of Danville, preached at the Christian church here last Sunday. He has been engaged by the congregation here to preach for them every 5th Sunday in the year.

—Civil cases have been occupying the Court for several days; but there are yet several criminal cases to be disposed of. This is the last week of the term and but few civil cases have been disposed of.

—Jim Mullany got his throat badly cut in a row at Flat Rock, a few days since, and his recovery is reported doubtful. He has been out of the penitentiary only

about two months, by pardon. He was sent there about two years ago for the killing of Durham at the depot here.

—Mrs. Robert Gibson has been quite sick for two weeks, but is now recovering. Her daughter, Mrs. Richardson, of Ohio, is with her. Mrs. Chas. Mendell is visiting relatives in Cincinnati, and will be absent several weeks.

—Report has reached here that J. W. McBeath, of this place, who is traveling for J. M. Robinson & Co., of Louisville, met with an accident in the mountains a few days since, by which he lost his team and samples while trying to cross a swollen stream.

—The C. S. R. R. will commence running an accommodation train between this place and Cincinnati next Sunday, leaving here at about 4 o'clock, A. M., and reaching Cincinnati at 11 A. M., and returning, will leave Cincinnati at 4 P. M. and arrive here at 10 P. M.

—Sheriff Sheppard failing to complete his bond, his deputy, Mr. J. H. Watson has been appointed sheriff and has executed bond and entered upon the duties of the office, with Mr. Sheppard as deputy. Mr. Watson is one of our best citizens and will make an efficient officer. He is a democrat, and his deputy a republican.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

The Publication Reflecting Upon the Reputation of Evan S. Warren Proven Entirely False—Some Official Testimony.

[Two weeks ago, we published an extract from the *Courier-Journal* to the effect that Evan Warren had been pounced upon by a mulatto girl lying in wait and had been triumphantly carried off by her, she claiming that he was her lawful husband. That paper on Wednesday contained the following refutation, which, in justice to Mr. Warren, we give in full. If the conspiracy claimed to be true, a full investigation should be had and the parties brought to punishment.—Ed.]

Your publication, does me not simply an injustice, but an outrage; and the object, in part, of this communication is to give you the opportunity of making such reparation as it is possible by a publication of my denial of the scandal and your retraction of the libel. Simple justice demands that this much be done. The truth, so far as I know it is this: I know the mulatto girl referred to; I confess to have had an improper connection with her. It is, however, not true that I was ever married to her or to any other woman; I never went through a form of marriage with her; I never induced her to believe, nor did she ever believe, that I ever intended at any time a marriage with her; I never proposed or contemplated a marriage with her; she never published and never had a certificate of my marriage with her, and whoever denies these statements or affirms the truth of the reverse is both a liar and a base calumniator. As to the so-called scene on Preston street, this is the correct version: I had started to the barber's shop, and on Preston street, near the college, I met up with the girl, who was engaged in conversation with a white man, and when I approached within five or six feet of them I recognized both the man and girl, and the girl said, "Now I have got you," and I immediately retraced my steps, without saying a word, and went to the house of my sister. She did not touch me; she made no attempt to seize me; she did not attempt to drag me to a lamp; she did not give, in my presence or hearing, any statement the like of which is published in the *Courier-Journal*; she uttered no word, except the words I have given, within my hearing; she did not lead me away passively or otherwise; I did not go away with her in the direction of Tenth street or in any other direction; I walked alone and uninterrupted by her after she made the remark, and in an opposite direction, as before stated. And this is substantially all that took place within my presence, sight or hearing, and whoever gives a statement contradictory of this, in such form as to indicate that I was the humiliated object of the girl's passion, seizure and domination, is both a liar and calumniator.

THE MOTIVE.

I ask still further space to publish what I have reason to believe, and do believe, to be the motive prompting this girl to her course. I charge it to be true that she is but the instrument in the hands of another person or persons to stab my reputation for the accomplishment of a selfish end; and for this belief I give the following reasons:

Just before the Presidential election in 1880 the republicans of Boyle county had a jubilee in Danville at night. During the night a policeman was shot down, and I witnessed the occurrence. Two young men—Mock and Faulkner, by name—were accused of and arrested for the homicide. I am a witness for the Commonwealth. The case first appeared by change of venue on the docket of the Lincoln Circuit Court at its October term, 1882, at which time it was expected a trial of one of the defendants would be had. About one week before the case was to be called for trial, notices of my marriage to this girl were published by the *Courier-Journal* and *Evening Post*. In the *Courier-Journal* the place of marriage was not given, but in the *Post* as having taken place at Aberdeen, O., on the 20th of October, 1882. I will here remark, parenthetically, that this notice is what the girl evidently referred to when she spoke of having published a marriage certificate, if, indeed, she used the word "certificate" at all. On seeing this publication, my brother, Dr. I. S. Warren, of Danville, Ky., inquired of the *Courier-Journal* its authority for the publication. In reply he received the following telegram, dated at Louisville, Oct. 24:

Some strange man, whom we do not know, brought in marriage notice and paid for its insertion. DAX E. O'SULLIVAN, *Courier-Journal*.

About the same time my brother, R. C. Warren, of Stanford, Ky., the Commonwealth Attorney for the Eighth District, requested Dr. Holloway, of Louisville, to inquire of the *Post* its authority for the publication of the marriage notice. A reply from him stated that the clerk of the office of the *Post* told him that he wrote the notice at the request of a brown-skinned woman, who said she was unable to write and who paid for the insertion. Bear in mind that the date of marriage in the *Post* is fixed on the 20th of October, at Aberdeen, O. Previous to these notices of marriage in the *Courier-Journal* and *Post* a telegram had been received in Danville from Cincinnati saying the marriage had taken place in that city. I have in my possession documentary and other evidence

of the absolute falsity of this notice and the telegram alluded to, and append to this letter copies of them.

About the same time my brother at Danville received an anonymous communication, written and mailed at Danville, referring to my marriage with the girl, and in the same connection to the "trial at Stanford." This was a few days only preceding the October term of the Lincoln Court, which began on the 4th Monday.

Finally, when this last calumny was published in the Sunday's issues of the Louisville papers, not a single copy of which (Sunday's issue) so far as I have been able to learn, is taken in Lincoln county, marked copies of each paper were sent to several persons resident in the county. I have never resided and do not now reside here. Why, then, were these papers, so pointedly marked, scattered among the citizens of this part of the State? The person who sent them may be unknown, but the reason of the sending is obvious. The Mock-Faulkner trial is to take place here, and some one considered it necessary, prejudicially to affect my reputation in advance of the trial. To sum up the whole matter, I here challenge the girl Lou Smith or any of her backers, instigators or supporters or any believer of her statement to produce the slightest credible testimony of record or not of record tending to show that I ever married her or went through a form of marriage with her in Ohio or elsewhere. I denounce the statement as mean, cowardly and false, and the person who shall hereafter repeat it as a liar and calumniator.

A word as to why I have delayed a week in noticing these last publications. I first contemplated suing for libel. I desired first to consult with my brother, referred to as Com'lth's Attorney. I desired also to consult with other gentlemen of the legal profession whom I knew. I left Louisville on Monday following the publication for this purpose. My brother was not at home, but at the Pulaski Court engaged in a murder trial. I went there to see him and returned with him to his home in Stanford from which place this letter is written. I am advised your paper will do me the justice I now seek. A reparation of this injury to my character, not money for a libel, is what I demand.

Copies of Massie Beasley's statement, Justice of the Peace in and for Brown Co., Ohio, and also of the Clerk of Hamilton county, Ohio, are herewith appended.

E. S. WARREN.

PROBATE COURT, HAMILTON COUNTY, O., JACOB B. JARVIS, PROBATE JUDGE, CINCINNATI, Oct. 30, 1882.—*Samuel Warren, Esq.*—Dear Sir: I have carefully examined the marriage indices from July 28, 1882, to date, and do not find the names of E. S. Warren or Luellen Smith upon the same during that period. Respectfully yours, HENRY RECHTER, Deputy Clerk Probate Court, Hamilton county, Ohio.

ABERDEEN, BROWN CO., OHIO, S. S.—I do hereby certify that no marriage between Evan S. Warren (white) and Luellen N. Smith (colored) was solemnized by me on Friday, the twentieth day of October, 1882, or at any time during the month of October, 1882, or at any other time. I am the only magistrate here at this place who solemnizes the marriages from Kentucky. If such a marriage as the above referred to had taken place I would have known it. MASSIE BEASLEY, J. P.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancer, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetters, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles. 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

A Blessing to All Mankind.

In these times when our newspapers are flooded with patent medicine advertisements, it is gratifying to know what to procure that will certainly cure you. If you are bilious, blood out of order, liver inactive, or generally debilitated, there is nothing in the world that will cure you so quickly as Electric Bitters. They are a blessing to all mankind, and can be had for only fifty cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister's.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, Lancaster, Ky.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. [18-17]

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

L. W. BURDETT. R. M. BURDETT.

L. W. Burdett & Co.

—New and are running—

THE OLD FLOYD MILL!

On Dix River, 5½ miles from Danville and 3½ miles from Bryantville. They have put into the Mill

ALL THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS

For making the best Patent Flour, but are making nothing but the pure Straight Flour, which has all the elements of wheat in it and ground only by water; they make their Flour from pure country-saved wheat—no elevators. Try their Flour, for sale at the groceries in Stanford. [18-11]

Landreth's

Garden

Seeds

In Bulk, and the

Nicest Line of

FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

Proprietors

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky,

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

W. H. HIGGINS'

—FOR—

Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes, Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,

Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Meikle and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

And the Best Pump in the Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire, Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

In order to get control of the best and most popular line of Agricultural Implements and Pleasure Vehicles, and also in order to enable us to purchase in such quantities as to obtain the largest discounts and lowest rates of freight, I have established branch Ware Rooms and Agents at Stantonville, Lancaster and Richmond, and under this arrangement, we feel sure we can offer the Farmers

Many Inducements Over the Majority of Dealers.

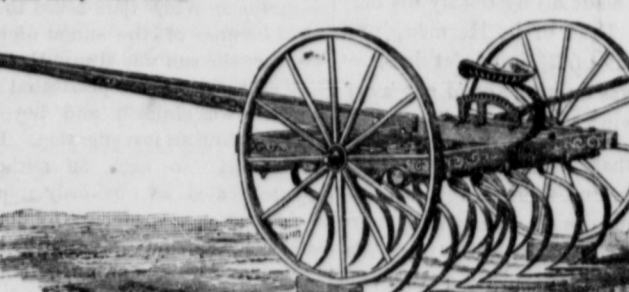
I keep on hand at all times at my several Ware Rooms a large stock of



Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,



Railroad Cars, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Grain Drills, Broadcast Seeders, Sulkey Harrows, Sulkey Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Farm-ers', Boilers, and many other items.



I am also prepared to furnish prices and estimates of all kinds of Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, Hay Presses, Straw Stackers, Wind Mills, Horse Powers, and various other kinds of machinery.

Parties in want of any goods in my line will loose nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



[Kalamazoo Spring Tooth Harrow.]

Also handle Grain and Seeds of all kinds; also Hay and Wool.

THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

BY BETT HART.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as the babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tears-drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

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PICKLED LIMES.

A Boarding-School Frolic.

L.—FLOTTING MISCHIEF.

"Who likes pickled limes?" asked one.

"O, I do!" "And I!" "And I!"

"All right! We'll each contribute a few pennies, and have a regular feast of pickled limes and stick-candy."

"That's so!" cried No. 2. "Won't we enjoy them, though! My mouth waters to think of it."

These young girls were all pupils in a very aristocratic boarding-school not many miles away, where everything was conducted on system, and the young ladies were expected to turn out perfect models of intellectual womanhood. Some did, but alas! for human hopes, very many graduated with but one fixed idea, namely: that boarding-school was a place in which to have fun, and to torment the teachers to the utmost of their ability.

Miss Woodward was a fine principal and a very discerning woman, but the girls would get the best of her occasionally, in spite of her keen eyes and ears; and just now, after a whole month of goodness, they were positively pining for mischief, and had ransacked their brains for something wicked enough to shock the whole community.

The morning before, while their worthy principal was taking her beauty-sleep, some one had climbed up to the veranda, and just before her window had placed a most ridiculous caricature of her august self, adorned with her precious brown ringlets, and a set of teeth that were supposed to have been a profound secret. How they got out of her top drawer on to that figure will always remain a mystery to Miss Woodward. But there they were; so the poor lady was obliged to pull the object in, and stifle her indignation as best she could, because 'twould never do to have the story spread abroad.

The young Professor of Languages had been tormented to such a degree that, had it not been for an attachment to the very ringlet of all the mischief, but being hopelessly in love, he bore it all, to the great disgust of the girls, who daily expected some explosion from him. Nothing was said, and as Miss Woodward had kept quiet about the figure, they were quite melancholy, and felt that nothing but great disobedience, in some form, would compensate for their disappointment.

One of the rules of the school strictly enjoined the putting out of all the lights by 9:30 o'clock, and the putting of one's self quietly to bed; but here were these girls this afternoon planning for pickled limes and a good time in the evening, after all the good people of the house should be in their beds.

It was decided that, after tea, Nettie Outler, the very essence of fun and the leader in all the mischief, should feign illness and start for her room, but should steal out the back gate and down into the town for the goodies. So while the others were in the dining hall, Nettie, having been excused on "account of a severe sick headache," made her escape and did all that was desired of her—and more. She bought all kinds of dainties the town afforded, then stole in and went up stairs with her large bundle, unseen.

At 10 o'clock, when they were supposed to be sweetly sleeping, fourteen of the fifty decorous young women in the establishment were perched on Nettie's bed, sucking pickled limes and discussing more mischief.

"If we could only do something to exasperate Prof. Stems, I should be satisfied," said Grace Darnley, who disliked the professor for something the same reason as the fox detested the grapes.

They all sat busily thinking for about a minute, nothing being heard but the smack of lips over limes and candy. Then, "Oh, girls, I have an idea!" from Grace.

All mouths suspended motion.

"You know Ma'am Woodward thinks the professor is perfection itself, and although she is about twenty years older than he, thinks that those ringlets and her bewitching manner have surely captivated him. Well, we'll send her a touching love-letter, and sign his name; won't that be fun, though?"

tenderly disposed toward him, and did not care to see him intrapped, and perhaps led into marriage. They'll demure some time, but were finally overruled by Grace.

"He won't mind it a bit," said she; "and think how mad 'twill make the 'old un,' when she discovers that we are aware of her passion for him!"

That was sufficient; they all detested her—so agreed.

A week from that night was to occur a monthly social circle given in the school, when the young ladies of the town outside were invited, and also a few irreproachable young men, who afforded great amusement for the girls by their meek and lowly appearance. It was decided that in the letter a place and time of meeting should be appointed. Time—nine and one-half o'clock, social night; place—Miss Woodward's private parlor. The pickled limes and candy having by this time all disappeared, the party broke up with a parting injunction from Grace to think up an awful letter for the old lady.

II.—EXECUTING MISCHIEF.

The next few days were busy ones. Every spare moment was occupied by the girls in writing and comparing love-letters; but finally one was composed which it was decided could not be improved upon. It spoke of the overwhelming passion the author had for Miss W., and his utter inability to keep it longer to himself. "Having fancied, from several slight advances, that she was not entirely indifferent to him, he had ventured to address these lines to her. He knew there was some difference in their ages, but if she could overlook that, he would make her a faithful, devoted husband. If she could return his love, would she meet him in her private parlor the next evening, while the others were making merry above stairs? And could he ask her to make no sign until that time, as, in case of a refusal, he would like to think of her as his own, for a while, at least."

Grace had been spending hours trying to imitate his handwriting, in which she succeeded to some degree; but, being a love-letter, the lady would scarcely think of the writing simply of the supposed writer.

One afternoon, two days before social night, while the principal was out taking her "constitutional," the letter was carried to her room and placed where she would surely see it; then the girls waited with some fear and trembling for the result.

At the tea-table, that night, Miss Woodward was late, and came in with a peculiar expression of triumph on her face that amused the girls, even in their anxiety.

That she had read the letter was evident, for occasionally she would glance down to the other table so happy, where Prof. Stems sat unconsciously eating, that, had the poor fellow been really an anxious lover, it would have lightened his heart considerably. But he, being ignorant of the plot against his peace of mind, was solemnly talking with one of the other teachers; so Miss Woodward restrained her raptures until the appointed meeting should take place.

That night the same fourteen conspirators gathered again in Nettie's room to talk over matters.

"Oh, dear," said pretty little Alice Grant, "I wish we'd never had anything to do with that old letter! I know something horrid will turn up."

"That's so!" said Nettie; "and I would not have Prof. Stems know that I was in the scrape for the world!"

They all echoed the sentiment except Grace, and even she did not seem so desirous of mischief as formerly; but 'twas done, and they must await the consequences as best they could.

III.—THE CONSEQUENCES.

The next evening, while the young professor was arranging his toilet for the affair, a note was handed him by one of the servants requesting his presence in the principal's parlor at half-past nine. Supposing it to be some business connected with school duties, he thought little about the matter. Now this was unknown to any but Grace. She had decided to make the little plot more complicated.

"I'll serve him right if he does get into a scrape," thought she. "Perhaps it will teach him to treat some of the younger girls with a little more politeness."

About 8 o'clock they all came to the long drawing rooms, looking as pretty as new-blown roses. The rooms were filled with young people, and of course they straightway proceeded to enjoy themselves.

his sense, but, giving her a decided shove, sat her down on the sofa.

"Now, madam, please explain yourself! You wished to see me on business, and here I am! What is wanted of me?"

"Why, Edward," very tenderly, "there is no need for such secrecy; no one is within hearing but ourselves, and you know, love, you wished an answer to your note. It is here; I have loved you from the moment I saw you, and am willing to be your wife. The sooner, the better;" and once more she made a rush for his coat-collar.

To say that the young fellow was astonished is but a feeble expression—he was simply dumfounded. And the note! What could it all mean? But, having feebly scented the too-loving woman again, he said:

With a look of great consternation on her face, she produced it, and watched him closely as he read.

"Miss Woodward!" after reading slowly from beginning to end, "believe me, I never saw this before."

"What! You didn't write it?" shrieked the almost-frantic woman; "then who did? Who has dared to make such a fool of me? Who has dared do it, I say?"

Now if the professor guessed, he said nothing, but tried to calm the poor woman, for he pitied her grief and rage.

But 'twas in vain! In her raving, she dropped off her beautiful curls, and that was the "straw which broke the camel's back;" she fell to the floor in a swoon. The young man, thinking she would be better without him, took her leave, and sent one of the servants to her assistance; then went to his own apartments to think it over.

That Nettie Outler was at the bottom of the mischief, he was certain, and he suffered some sharp pangs to think she cared so little for his feelings and those of her teacher as to do such a thing. After much meditation on the subject, the poor fellow took himself to bed with a heavy heart.

Miss Woodward was, with some difficulty, tucked away for the night, and her feelings were pitiable indeed. She meant to be kind to the girls, and to think they should do such an act (for by this time she had thought of some of her pupils as the authors) troubled her greatly. Then, how should she ever meet that fellow again? But, while thinking over these things, she gradually fell asleep and forgot all her woes.

The mischief-makers themselves were almost as uneasy as their victims. Not much was said among them, but they retired early; but none of them rested well, and Nettie cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, as Nettie was going down the corridor, who should she meet but the professor himself going up. She attempted to pass with a simple "Good-morning," but he stopped.

"Miss Outler, I could scarcely believe that you would be guilty of such a deed as you performed at Miss Woodward's and my expense. I have lost respect for you!"

"Oh! Professor! I—we really didn't mean to do any harm!" sobbed Nettie; "and we thought you'd know 'twas all in fun!"

"Yes! It must be remarkably funny to hurt the feelings of your principal as you have done," he said, sternly, and passed on.

Nettie stood gazing after him with fearful eyes. "If we hadn't had those horrid old pickled limes to eat, we should never have thought of it. Oh! he will never look at me again! I wish I was dead and buried!"

But, bless you! he did; he couldn't help it. The girls went to their principal, confessed their crime, and were punished according to the deed; but they were not expelled, to their great relief; and Miss Woodward recovered from her grief and disappointment in time.

The professor, after making friends with Miss Nettie, and discovering that she really was not the leader for this time, found another professorship not far away, and resigned his to a much older man, who at last accounts was intending to make the principal and himself one.

After Nettie became Mrs. Stems, she would often say, laughingly, that pickled limes were not good food for young women—they encouraged mischief.

BOGUS BRILLIANTS.

"How do your diamonds compare with the genuine?"

"Put them side by side and you can't tell them apart. Let me show you some samples, and the dealer turned to his iron safe and got out a box of un-set 'diamonds' of about three carats each. Handing the scribe a dainty pair of tweezers he requested him to examine the stones before the light. The reporter picked up one of the gems as carefully as though it were a \$20,000 stone, and held it before his optics. It sparkled brilliantly, was cut perfectly, and anybody but an expert would suppose it to be a genuine diamond. The reporter was tempted to slip the stone up his sleeve, until he asked the price of it, when, getting the reply, "One dollar," he dropped it as though it was poison.

"Here are some thirty beautiful specimens," remarked the merchant as he unfolded another paper and laid before the scribe half a dozen stones about the size of a door-knob. These are worn principally by gamblers on account of their extraordinary size. "They come a great deal higher than those others I have shown you. I sell these at \$2.50 apiece, or a pair of them for a serio-comic singer's earrings at \$4.25. They are exceedingly brilliant, you see, and at night shine like a locomotive headlight. Here are a lot of little diamonds that sell from 25 to 75 cents each." "Are those made of paste or fish scales?" "Oh, no; I never deal in paste goods. These stones come from the Sierra Nevada mountains, and are cut and polished in New York; and some are even sent to Paris to be cut and are then returned to this country. They are the best imitation of the diamond made, and retain their brilliancy forever. Not being as hard as the diamond, care has to be taken in not getting them scratched."

"You remarked before that the trade was simply immense. I suppose that the second or middle class of society are the greatest purchasers of these imitations?" "That's where you're wrong. The principal buyers and wearers of 'snide' diamonds are those who move in the highest society, and I'll tell you the reason why. Let a lady who counts her wealth by the hundreds of thousands appear in public with a pair of six or eight carat 'diamond' earrings, and the people never suspect that they are 'snide.' They imagine that because the wearer is wealthy she would never degrade herself by wearing \$2 diamonds, but such is the case. Hundreds of times have I matched genuine diamonds for high-toned ladies, and it was actually impossible to tell them apart. You see, when a person of wealth wears 'snide' diamonds, you can hardly make people believe that they are anything else than genuine; while, on the other hand, let a person in more reduced circumstances wear genuine diamonds, and everybody they meet will turn up their noses and remark that they are 'snide.' So that is the reason the people of wealth can throw on so much style with very little expense."

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

CASTELLAR'S ORATORY.

Before speaking he is restless and cannot keep quiet an instant; he enters the chamber, leaves it, re-enters, goes out again, wanders through the corridors, goes into the library and turns over the leaves of a book, rushes into the cafe to take a glass of water, seems to be seized with fever, fancies that he will not know how to put the words together, that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head; he has confused and forgotten everything.

"How is your pulse?" his friends ask, smilingly.

When the solemn moment arrives he takes his place, with bowed head, trembling and pallid as a man condemned to death, who is resigned to losing in a single day the glory acquired with so many years of fatigue; at that moment even his enemies feel pity for his condition. He rises, gives a glance around him, and says:

"Senores!"

He is saved, his courage returns, his mind grows clear, and his speech comes back to him like a forgotten ray; the President, the Cortes, the tribunes disappear; he sees nothing but his gestures, hears nothing but his own voice, and feels naught but the irresistible flame which burns within him and the mysterious force that sustains and upholds him.

"I no longer see the walls of the room," he exclaims; "I behold a distant people and countries which I have never seen."

He speaks by the hour, and not a deputy leaves the room, and not a person moves in the tribunes, not a voice interrupts him, not a gesture disturbs him; not even when he breaks the regulations has the President sufficient courage to interrupt him; he displays at his ease the picture of his republic, clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not dare protest, because, so clothed, they, too, find it beautiful. Castellar is master of the assembly; he thunders, lightens, sings, rages and gleams like fireworks; makes his auditors smile, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, ends amid a storm of applause, and goes away with his head in a whirl.—Spain.

ANGEMENT in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst of reading.

All good abide with him who waiteth wisely.

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle.

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no longer from Dyspepsia, indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength, lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

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FOR SALE!

Having concluded to remove to Texas, I offer for sale my Residence & Business House, Combined in one, situated in the town of Crab Orchard, Ky., on Lancaster street. The building is 12x18, with a full basement, and contains in all eight rooms. The store-room is 20x40, with counters and shelving, nicely and properly arranged, with all the outfitting necessary to convenience and the taste of the most fastidious, and an abundance of pure water for drinking and household purposes, beautiful shade and fruit trees adorning and beautifying the entire premises, all in good and healthy condition. Any one desiring a cheap yet valuable residence, among a clever and prosperous people, would do well to call and examine the premises before purchasing elsewhere. Terms reasonable. 92-1f

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